

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Gadseen, A. A., with a population of 8,500, has sixteen lawyers, ten preachers and nine doctors.

When Colonel Sellers is asked if he sings, he frankly replies: "Well, those who have heard me say I do not."

Principal Dawson, of McGill University, at Montreal, who is not without honor in his country, was presented with an address and \$5,000, when he left home for a year in Europe.

Mrs. Esther J. Bates, although eighty-three years of age, rendered efficient aid in bringing water to save a house from destruction by a swamp fire in Cohasset, Mass., recently.—*Boston Post*.

Mrs. J. W. Lent, frightened by a drowning scene in a theater in Oakland, Cal., fainted and then broke out in a violent perspiration. They took her home and she caught cold and soon died of pneumonia.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

An official high up in the railroad world wrote to Charles Wyndham for his autograph. The comedian sent back this epigraph: "Railways in their way are autocrats. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there."—*N. Y. Herald*.

General Crook is now living at Fort Whipple, near Prescott, A. T. His home is a pleasant roomy house of two stories, surrounded by plazas, and commanding a fine view of hill and valley. The Indians of the section call him "The Gray Fox."—*Chicago Herald*.

Jonathan C. Bowles, who recently died poor and friendless in the Cleveland (O.) City Infirmary, at the age of seventy-five years, was twice worth \$100,000, it is said, and lost both fortunes in real estate speculations. Among his few effects was found a copy of Will Carleton's poem, "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse."—*Chicago Tribune*.

David Hinkley, of LaGrange, drove from that place to Dexter, stopped over night, and drove from there to Livermore Falls, a distance of about sixty miles, in one day. What makes this remarkable is that the old gentleman is over ninety years of age. "He went to visit a brother two years his senior. After visiting about a week he drove from Augusta to Dexter in a day, and seemed none the worse for his journey."—*Lawson (Me.) Journal*.

Rev. Frederick Freeman, known as the Historian of Cape Cod, who died recently at his home in Sandwich, Mass., at the age of eighty-four years, was the thirteenth child of twenty children of the late Brigadier General Nathaniel Freeman, and was himself the father of twelve children. He was the author of two large volumes of "The History of Cape Cod," or the Annals of Barnstable County," which came out in successive numbers between 1858 and 1862. He is also the author of other works.—*N. Y. Post*.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

An Oxford student defines flirtation to be "attention without intention."

—Laughing "stock"—the collar of our great grand-daddies.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

An outsider refers to the failure of the New England leather firms as a financial distress in "upper" circles. He deserves a "welt" for that.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Mamie says you can't come to see her any more," said a boy to his sister's admirer. "Why not?" "Because you come to see her seven nights a week now, and how could you *coax* any more?" Silence was the only answer.—*Chicago Tribune*.

On the return of the Cottage Hill fishing party the high-school girl remarked to her mother, "Now prepare for piscatorial exaggerations." "Yes," replied the old lady, "I made Bridget bring in the clothes an hour ago, *etc* I thought it looked like rain."—*Old City Derrick*.

"Lend me five dollars, Joe," "Can't do it; in fact, I am just going over to try to borrow five dollars from the doctor." "Well, then, you might as well make it ten dollars and I'll take five dollars of it. It will make it easier to pay, you know, if it is divided up between us."—*Newark Call*.

—For soup.

"I'm sick in the height of the season, and when asked to give his reason, The inquirer he did scan,

As he sighed,

Like a monk in a cloister,

And replied:

Because I'm a 'holster'."—*N. Y. Journal*.

A darky on Pecan plantation not long since was much tried by the obstinacy of a mule. After much urging and kindness toward the brute he broke out with: "Look hyer, now! mebby you think 'cause I jined the church last Sunday that I can't use big words, *etc* I'll hab you know I'm gwine to make a 'ception in your special case."

—Willing to come down.—A resident on Woodward Avenue who had advertised for a man to take care of his horses had an application from a colored man who seemed fitted for the position, and a bargain was made. As the new employee was backing out of the office the gentleman said: "Oh, by the way, what name shall I call you?" "Well, sah, my letters are generally directed to Hon. Boswell Green, but I'm perfectly willin' you should call me Mr. Green when you has occasion to 'dress me'."—*Detroit Free Press*.

—For the last fortnight a band of seven or eight Bohemian musicians have been discoursing music from their horns and taking up street collections. Yesterday morning they were up on Cass Avenue, and as they finished playing a tune in front of a residence the owner came out on the steps and said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this testimonial of respect. It has always been." At this juncture a chamber window was opened and the wife looked out and called: "Husband, don't you know anything? That's a street band playing for money." "Ah! eh! Well, they don't get a cent out of me—not one blessed copper!" growled the statesman as he backed out of sight.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A colored girl of Atlanta, Ga., was knocked over by an engine, but quite unhurt she sprang to her feet, and said to the engineer: "You has a mighty heap of politeness to treat a lady dat way."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

The Jurymen and the Coffin.

The Birmingham (Eng.) *Daily Mail* reports a tragic-comic scene which occurred at the holding of an inquest upon the body of an inmate of the borough jail who had died from small-pox. It may not be generally known that a coroner is bound to hold an inquest on the body of any prisoner who may die in one of His Majesty's prisons, no matter how evident the real cause of death may be. The statute is of course a very necessary one, but yesterday it entailed on the jurymen who had been subpoenaed the not very desirable duty of viewing the body. The Deputy Coroner (Mr. Weekes), had, from motives which require no explanation, kept the fact from his jurymen till he had got them comfortably and securely within the court, and then he unfolded it to them. The bare statement that they were to hold an inquest on a small-pox case was enough; four or five of them required no further particulars to make up their minds that they would not view the body. No, they would not for all the coroners in the kingdom; they did not care what precautions had been taken. Persuasion having failed to convince these obstinate few, Mr. Weekes was compelled to read to them, in a very sepulchral and solemn tone, the penalties which the law prescribed for such cases. Discontent was not, however, stifled, as was evidenced by the lowering brows and low mutterings of the fourteen good men and true who had been empaneled, and the Coroner told them he would allow them to smoke, drink, or take any other means they chose of avoiding the infection. This seemed to soothe them, and Sergeant Gosling marched his little army down stairs to their long funeral vehicle, with the supposition that they had all been thoroughly broken in. Going down stairs, however, one thirsty soul suggested that they would have the drinks then; and another, a lover of the noxious weed, no doubt, took up the hint and talked about cigars. When they got into the street they rushed pell-mell for tobacco and liquor. One poor teetotaler and non-smoker was in a sad way. What was he to do? "Brandy and soda," said one facetious colleague, "Black Jack," said another. On medicinal grounds, this abstemious individual at length brought himself to imbibe a glass of very weak whisky and water, but he could not brace himself up to the task of smoking even a Pickwick; he dreaded sickness. It was quite a quarter of an hour before all these dutiful citizens had provided themselves sufficiently with liquor and basted themselves with an equivalent stock of smoking material to face the perils before them, and the worst smoking carriage on any railway in the kingdom would have paled its ineffectual efforts. The next curiosity is a large oval stone, perfectly smooth, that a farmer used for many years as a threshing floor, and a capital floor it made, too. Then comes the cave in the side of the hill, where innumerable Indians were buried, but some years ago the rock crumbled to pieces, and covered the entrance to it completely. It is well worth excavating. The Indians made another use of the mountain in the olden time. They drove large herds of buffalo up between the two arms of it and forced them to leap over the steep precipice in front, breaking their necks by the fall. Their bones may still be seen there. The ground at this time of the year is thickly covered with all kinds of flowers that grow naturally on the mountain, which gives it the appearance of a grand old neglected garden.—*Winnipeg Cor. N. Y. Graphic*.

Curiosities of Manitoba.

There are various points of historic interest around the city that the casual visitor seldom sees or knows anything about. Fort Rouge, across the Assiniboine, is the site of the old red fort, built as far back as 1754 by Le Verendrye, the intrepid explorer of the Northwest, and from which the Red River subsequently got its name. Silver Heights, a few miles to the west of the city, is the favorite resort of distinguished tourists to drive to and dine. Bird's Hill, about the same distance to the east, was the refuge of the Selkirk settlers during the great flood of 1826. Seven Oaks, on the suburbs, is where a desperate battle was fought in 1812 between the trappers of the great fur trading companies. But Stony Mountain, ten miles to the north, is the happy hunting ground for picnics and all sorts of pleasure parties from the city. Be it remembered that a mountain in Manitoba simply means any kind of elevation above the surrounding prairie, and Stony Mountain is only about two hundred feet in height. It is shaped like a mammoth horseshoe, with a gradual ascent from the two arms to the rounded ridge in front, where it terminates abruptly in a perpendicular bluff. The material is fossiliferous limestone of the finest grade, and laminated into layers of every thickness from an inch to four feet. Bowlders of every size and shape are scattered all over the surface. The depth of the ledge has never been ascertained yet.

The Provincial Penitentiary is built on it, which is also used as an asylum for the insane till a separate place can be put up. There is no wall around it, no sentry, no guard, except two brass field-pieces within a small stockade on the hill, but it is rarely indeed that any one gets away, though most of the convicts and light-headed fellows are allowed to work in the brick-yards half a mile away. The keeper has a menagerie of all the wild animals of the Northwest, but only a few bears and buffalo hybrids are left, the latter a cross between a cow and a bison. They are very rare and beautiful, brown and brindle in color, with long wavy hair. It is a wonder Barnum has not captured them. The next curiosity is a large oval stone, perfectly smooth, that a farmer used for many years as a threshing floor, and a capital floor it made, too. Then comes the cave in the side of the hill, where innumerable Indians were buried, but some years ago the rock crumbled to pieces, and covered the entrance to it completely. It is well worth excavating. The Indians made another use of the mountain in the olden time. They drove large herds of buffalo up between the two arms of it and forced them to leap over the steep precipice in front, breaking their necks by the fall. Their bones may still be seen there. The ground at this time of the year is thickly covered with all kinds of flowers that grow naturally on the mountain, which gives it the appearance of a grand old neglected garden.—*Winnipeg Cor. N. Y. Graphic*.

Rembrandt and His Works.

The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvelous. He painted some very ugly, and even vulgar pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways; he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But, in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness make his pictures masterpieces, and we can not turn away from them carelessly; they attract and hold us.

Rembrandt's style was not always the same. Before 1633 he preferred the open daylight, in which everything was distinctly seen, and his flesh tones were warm and clear; after that time, he preferred the light which breaks over certain objects and leaves the rest in shade, while his touch became very spirited, and his flesh tones were so golden that they were less natural than before.

The works of Rembrandt are so numerous and so important that one can not speak justly of them in our present space. His pictures number about six hundred and his engravings about four hundred, and these embrace not only many subjects, but many variations of these subjects. The chief picture of his earliest manner is the "Anatomical Lecture," now in the Gallery of the Hague.

Rembrandt painted but few pictures from profane history, and his landscapes are rare, but the few that exist are worthy of so great a master, and one who so loved everything that God has spread out before us in nature. His scenes from common life are beyond criticism, but sometimes his picturing of repulsive things makes us turn away, though we must admire the power with which they are painted. His portraits were of the highest order, and very numerous; no other artist ever made so many portraits of himself, and in them he is seen from the days of youthful hope to ripened age.—*Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas*.

Refuse of the Newfoundland Cod Fishery.

Mr. Segrave, British Consul at Nantes, notes the curious fact that the prosperity of the important sardine fisheries on the west coasts of France is due in no light degree to merely incidental causes occurring at a distance of at least miles across the Atlantic ocean. It is calculated that an average of 30,000 tons of refuse from the cod fishery is annually thrown into the sea by fishermen of the

Newfoundland and North American coast,

and generally at that period when the prevailing winds are from the northwest and blowing with their greatest violence. The wind tends to cause a deviation in the current of the Gulf Stream, and to force the great north-eastern branch to flow toward the coast of France, carrying with it a vast amount of the refuse from the cod fishery.

It is the presence of this matter on the French coast which is the cause of the collection of quantities of fish of different kinds, whose spawn helps to

supply the sardine with food, and with the floating oily gelatinous substances which are equally indispensable.—*London News*.

The reason advanced by Henry L.

Taylor, of Belair, Md., for asking for a divorce is that his wife will not let him

read the Bible.—*Baltimore Sun*.

A Silent Partner.

The citizenship of not a few men, who think themselves good citizens, would be improved, if they should clean out their own drains, clear up their backyards, and sweeten their cellars. The historian Nchemia indicates that the walls of Jerusalem were rebuilt by each one repairing that portion of the wall located "over against his house." The Chicago *Drummer* recalls that ancient method of co-operation in the following humorous sketch:

At supper one evening Mr. Topnoody, after praising his wife's fine biscuits and good coffee, began to talk on municipal affairs, in hopes that Mrs. T.—would take a hand, and she did.

"My dear," he said, "do you know the city is going to appropriate one million dollars to clean and repair the streets?"

"I did see something about an appropriation, or whatever you call it, and a man named Ingalls, but I thought it was something going on in Congress, or the Senate or Cabinet, or something."

"I believe so, but this matter is right here at home, and I'm glad to see the prospect of an era of reform and cleanliness, because we need it not only in the streets, but everywhere else."

"Are you ready to do your share in cleaning the city, Topnoody?"

"Aye, that I am, ready and willing; more, I am eager to do my humble portion," and he swelled all up with municipal patriotism.

"Very well, then, Topnoody; go out there in the back-yard and begin. It's too dirty to think of, and I've been at you ever since last spring to help your poor struggling wife in her efforts to make your surroundings respectable."

"I like to see you men blow about cleaning the streets, when you leave your wives to paddle around in ferry-boats in their own back-yards!"

"They are all alike, Topnoody, and you are more alike, I believe, than any of the rest of them."

"Bah, at your street-cleaning and your million-dollar appropriations, when, if your wives don't make you, you wouldn't even put on a clean shirt oftener than once in three months!"

"I like to hear men talk, but I don't want to hear anything from you, Topnoody, until you've disinfected that back-yard!"

Topnoody is at present only a silent partner.

The Manufacture of Beads.

Beads are largely made in Venice, where glass-making has always been a principal industry. It is said that the invention of beads dates from the thirteenth century, and is due to two Venetians, Miochi and Ibrabriani, who were urged to make experiments by the celebrated Venetian traveler, Marco Polo. Under the Venetian Republic, and for many years after its fall, says our Consul at Venice, the exportation of beads had not reached the importance it has now attained. This was perhaps owing to the smallness of the furnaces and to the difficulty and length of the technical processes required for the composition of the paste. The Morelli, however, who in 1670 were the principal bead manufacturers, had four ships at sea carrying beads to the East on their own account, and they became so rich that in 1866 they entered the rank of Venetian nobility on payment of a sum of 100,000 ducats to the Republic. Since 1815 this industry has become so important as to give at the present time employment to about 15,000 persons.

The traffic is carried on with all the world, but the principal exportation of beads is to the ports of Asia and Africa. An extraordinary stimulus was given to this industry a few years ago by the prevailing taste for beads for trimming ladies' dresses. A great extension of the manufacturer took place, and the labor was paid so high that all who could do so gave up their usual trades for bead-making. But when the demand for beads declined most of the workmen who had been allured by fancy wages to the bead manufacture were thrown out of work, and compelled to return to their former occupations.

Whatever be the cause, bead-making has always been the special privilege of Venice, in spite of all foreign attempts to manufacture this article elsewhere. The wages in glass works are for a first master about eight francs a day, for a second master four and one-half francs, and for the ordinary workmen from two francs to five francs a day. During the last five years the average annual exportation of beads has been 25,000 quintals, of the approximate value of 5,500,000 francs.—*Paul Mall Gazette*.

Beat at His Own Game.

Last Wednesday, as the overland train was disengaging its passengers in the Oakland depot, a plausible looking young man walked up to a gray-headed granger, who was staring open-mouthed around him, and clasped him fervently by the hand.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Guffy?" "How did you know my name was Guffy?" asked the delegate from the foothills, much astonished and apparently oblivious that Jas. Guffy, Ukihi, was painted in big letters on the valise he carried in his hand.

"Why, Jim, old man, you can't have forgotten me—Tom Saunders—your old friend. How are all the boys in Ukihi?"

"Glad ter see yer, glad ter see yer. I've got a powerful bad memory, but seems ter me I do remember yer face, somehow," said the granger.

"Of course you do. Coming down for a little look round, eh? All right—where do you put up? I'll meet you after dinner, and we'll take in the town together. Here's my address."

"God bless you, my boy," said the hayseed party, much affected. "Them's the fust kind words I've hern since I left home," and, with the honest impulse of his simple nature, the farmer took the young man in his arms and hugged him. Then arranging where to meet later, he shuffled along.

That afternoon the plausible young man was down at headquarters complaining that he had been robbed of his watch and pocketbook by a "boodler" got up as an old granger.

"There wasn't nuthin' particular in

their pocket-book," he indignantly ex-

plained, "and the watch was oreide,

but I'm blessed if I want to be beat at my own game."

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Taylor, of Belair, Md., for asking for a

divorce is that his wife will not let him

read the Bible.—*San Francisco Post*.

A Medieval Romance.

Hildebrand

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FOR PRESIDENT,
That uncrowned King of every Democratic
heart,

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in
Humiliation,

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate
for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed
Judge Hargis—subject to the action of the
Democracy of the First Appellate Dis-

trict.

It is time for the annual crop of
Thanksgiving proclamations.

It appears that France and Spain are
about ready to kiss and make up.

JOHN CHINAMAN will make it warm
for the Frenchman within his borders.

MCREEERY, Durham, Talbott, and
Thompson of the Eighth District, all want
to go to Congress.

COL. E. M. NORTON, one the founders
of the Ashland Iron Works, died at
Wheeling last week.

The Danville Tribune is making war
on "Maj. General Whisky" and "Lieuts.
Brandy, Rum and Beer."

All of the States in Union are now
Democratic but twelve. Indeed, it will
be hard to beat us in '84.

Two deaths from small-pox have oc-
curred at the Masonic Widows' and
Orphans' Home at Louisville.

The eleventh annual congress of the
Association for the Advancement of Wo-
men is in session at Chicago.

THE Cincinnati News-Journal says
that "Gath" is the only editor the En-
quirer has—a Republican at that.

A COUPLE of Mormon preachers are
prowling around through Allen county
seeking converts. Set the dogs on 'em.

WISCONSIN under a law just passed,
a man who is convicted of being a tramp
is sent to the penitentiary for ten months.

As the Louisville Exposition is to be
wound up with a big dog show, it now
behooves the newspapers to announce a
Dog's Day.

AKE NELLING has confessed to the
murder of Ada Atkinson, one of the most
outrageous murders ever recorded, near
Oxford, Indiana.

ANOTHER large earthquake took place
Tuesday, on the coast of Italy, and 2,000
lives were lost by being buried under the
walls of several villages.

THREE editors have been selected as
the judges of apple brandy at a Virginia
fair. Of course the managers will see
that they are wheeled home.

AT Hot Springs, Ark., yesterday,
Judge Wood sentenced Harris, editor of
Horseshoe, to ten days imprisonment and
\$50 fine for contempt of court.

SHERMAN blames the Ohio election dis-
aster as "Women, Religion, Whiskey,
Wool, Corruption" and a few other
things, but says it won't be that way in
'84.

THE First National Bank of Chicago
has notified its 130 clerks that they must
all procure bonds which will range from
\$4,000 to \$5,000 each, and aggregate \$320,
000.

A CONVENTION of the colored people of
Virginia, held recently at Richmond, calls
upon their race to abandon Mahone,
avoid antagonizing the whites and stand
up for Republicanism.

FRED DOUGLAS and Senator Bruce are
very indignant at their white brethren of
the Supreme Court, for their recent rul-
ing in the Civil Service Bill.

A SPRING in Anderson county is at-
tracting as much attention now as that
county's favorite whiskey. It may, how-
ever, be near a distillery, and the distil-
lery may leak.

CONGRESS has appropriated \$300,000 for
a Government building in Brooklyn, and
Secretary Folger says it will take half
million dollars to buy a lot. But then he
would still have enough left to put
up a tent.

"A SNAKE twelve feet long wrapped
itself around the fore and hind wheels of
a Nevada stage the other day, blocking
the progress until killed." After that
the cork was put into the bottle and the
stage proceeded.

AT Memphis Wednesday, whilst James
Moore, the diver, was a work under the
water, the laborers above accidentally
drove an iron spike through on his feet.
To save himself from drowning, Moore
cut his foot off and escaped from his im-
prisonment.

MILLERSBURG.

Mart Layson is very ill, with bilious
fever.

Joe McClelland took ten blue strings
and a garter, at the Germantown fair.

How much rent does the town get from
that photograph gallery in the public
square?

Chas. Bean, wife and baby, of Lexing-
ton, were the guests of L. G. Vimont and
family, Sunday.

Joe Nesbitt is advertised to sell at pub-
lic sale on Wednesday, Oct. 31st, and will
move to Missouri.

Messrs. McClintock, Current, Collins
and Powell all of this precinct, are on
the Stivers' jury this week.

As the skating has collapsed, Mrs. Belle
Taylor will hardly finish the task of accom-
plishing herself as a skater.

The sheriff made sad a score of hearts
here this week. Nobody "knew noth-
ing" and didn't want to go to Paris.

No Salie Ball Items this issue. The
boys are gathering in some tar and feathers
for future use. Here's a pointer.

Johnnie McClintock talks of making a
trip to the Isle of Jersey, in search of a
Lily or two, and perhaps a small herd.

Mr. Dr. Smith has the handsomest
stock of fall and winter millinery ever
brought to this town, and she sells cheap,
too.

Harvey Darnell and bride were enter-
tained at Alex McClintock's, Tuesday
night, and on Wednesday proceeded to
Louisville.

Marshall Ballenger has a new blue suit
with brass buttons. Well, you can imag-
ine how Grant felt when he took charge
of the army of the Potomac!

The Hon. Frederick Prudell, is acting
the "mysterious man" as witness in the
Stivers' trial. In his absence, several
games of "craps" will be lonely without
him.

The reason Joe Miller wears the ap-
pellation of "Betsy," is that old Betsy
Webb ran him in the creek one day
with a big switch, for whipping her son
"Booze."

Miss Lizzie Wilmore writes word back
from Salyersville, that she is agreeably
disappointed in her new home. Some
call her the belle of thirty-nine counties in
Eastern Kentucky.

One of those fellows who boasted on
the street that he "just knew all about"
all the devilment done in town recently,
skipped out of town and took to the bush,
in fear of the grand jury.

We don't want that redistricting busi-
ness of in your last issue. We
want a consolidation of the three districts
with that of the Millersburg district, and
a good High School established with
three good teachers like the one we al-
ready have. That's business.

Wm. Steele has subscribed \$25 towards
the erection of a bridge across Hinkton
at Steele's Ford. The county will be ex-
pected to pay the balance—\$2,975.

Will the county do it? Who on earth
will it benefit besides Mr. Steele? Echo
answers "who?" "who?"

POSTED—Notice is hereby given that I
posted my farm, adjoining Millersburg,
according to all the forms of law, and all
persons are forbidden to hunt or fish or
trespass in any way on said farm. I will
enforce the law against all offenders—
WHITE and BLACK.

Oct. 17th 1883. ALEX. MCCLINTOCK.

"B'REE WOLFE."

REPUBLICAN newspapers are of one opin-
ion that the Supreme Court has done a
wise and correct thing in deciding the
Civil Rights bill unconstitutional. The
same papers in '74 applauded the Repub-
lican Congress for passing the same bill.

KENTUCKY has some good laws but they
are not often enforced. The way to en-
force them is to educate the voters and
they will elect good officers and force
them to do their duty. The newspapers
should all combine in an effort to raise
the morals of the commoners, and the pa-
rty that shrinks from its whole duty
should be severely avoided. There's no
neutral grounds for a newspaper to stand
on when any vital subject is under
consideration.

THE Supreme Court of the United
States—intensely Republican at that
has rendered the decision that the Civil
Service Bill is unconstitutional. Judge
Harlan was the only one of the nine
Judges who dissented in rendering the
decision. Justice Field delivered the
opinion, which was based on the fact that a
colored citizen had a right to erect
hotels, railroad &c., from which he had
a right to exclude the white man if he
desired, and that the white should have
the same privilege under the constitution
as a black man. This decision virtually
puts an end to colored people trying to
push themselves into hotels and parlor
cafes owned by white men—provided the
owners desire to so exclude them.
Bear in mind, that the Supreme Court of
the United States is REPUBLICAN!

In reviewing the rapidly increasing
crime of murder and homicide in Ken-
tucky, the Courier-Journal winds up a
lengthy and able editorial as follows:

"We need more sternness, more rigor,
more uprightness. We need to under-
stand better what rights organized society
has. If murder is a crime it is a crime
to let it go unpunished. Men must be
held responsible for their deeds. Justice
must be swift and certain. We have too
much cant, too much sentimentalism, too
much tolerance. One murder unpunish-
ed leads to another. There is no desire
for vengeance in the demand that blood
guiltiness be punished as the law requires;
it is simply a plea for peace, for order, for
safety. We must chain up the men who
are smitten with the homicidal mania; we
must make them understand that they
are not a law unto themselves. We have
murders frequently; we will continue to
have them as long as murder is not pun-
ished as a crime."

AT Memphis Wednesday, whilst James
Moore, the diver, was a work under the
water, the laborers above accidentally
drove an iron spike through on his feet.

To save himself from drowning, Moore
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